

Woman Who Lived Century in Northwest

Passing of Mrs. Richard Ough Takes Pioneer Who as Indian Princess Married Englishman in Days When Hudson's Bay Company Dominated Northwest

Written for The Journal by E. D. Clapp.

Washougal, Wash., July 22.—With the death of Mrs. Richard Ough, an old Indian woman and a pioneer settler of the Columbia river country last Sunday, there passed into history one of the oldest women of the Pacific northwest. No one knows how old she was, in fact, she did not know herself, so that the exact number of years can never be ascertained, but those who are best informed place her age as somewhere between 98 and 106. D. W. Hutchinson, who a year ago spent some time in gathering the data of her life, says that according to the early records which correspond to tales she has related, she must have been at least 102. She has five children living, the oldest being 72, 18 grandchildren, 23 great grandchildren and four great great grandchildren, making before her death five living generations, a record rarely paralleled.

In a small white cottage on the southern edge of the town of Washougal, Mrs. Ough passed away quietly on Sunday, July 16, 1911, and people are just awaking to the fact that a character worthy of the utmost regard and respect, because of her long service, and her connection with the Oregon pioneers, has been in their midst.

From her earliest childhood, Mrs. Ough's life was filled with interest and romance. She was born at the Columbia cascades, and was the daughter of an Indian chief, whose name as nearly as it can be spelled in English was "Schlyhoush." She was never able to say whether the name had any peculiar meaning or not. She grew to be a beautiful girl, and was the honored daughter of the tribe.



Mrs. Richard Ough.

Fifty-seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Ough came to the present site of Washougal, and settled on a small piece of land. They bought it from an Englishman who did not like the country, and was very anxious to go to California. He had no money and no means of travel, and was willing to take anything he could get for the land. Mr. Ough came to his wife who was evidently the treasurer of the family, and asked her how much money they had. She got out the sack, and found that there was 45 dollars left. So Mr. Ough bargained to buy for that amount and a saddle horse with saddle, which was to be the Englishman's means of travel. Before he left, Mrs. Ough made a baking of bread for him to eat on the way. Thus it was that the land that is today a thriving town site was bought for 45 dollars, a saddle horse and a baking of bread. But when the Oughs took possession the whole place, which is now all cleared and under cultivation was a forest so thick that one could scarcely crawl through it on hands and knees. The two people were tireless workers, and they spent the best part of their life in putting the land in shape, and together with their children, have effected a change so great, that the former condition is scarcely believable.

Old House Still Stands.

The roof of the Ough's first home, the first building ever erected in this neighborhood, is still lying on the ruins of the logs which once supported it; and although when built, this house was more than half a mile from the bank of the Columbia river, at present it is directly on the bank. Before his death, Ough built the house which is still standing and in good condition; and in the very room in which he died, Mrs. Ough, on Sunday, July 16, quietly passed away.